



THE DEAN YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

Colleges are complicated and bewildering places, filled with complicated and bewildering people. Today let us examine one of the most complicated and bewildering—yet fetching and lovable—of all campus figures. I refer, of course, to the dean of students.

Policeman and confessor, shepherd and seer, warren and oracle, proconsul and pal—the dean of students is all of these. How, then, can we understand him? Well sir, perhaps the best way is to take an average day in the life of an average dean. Here, for example, is what happened last Thursday to Dean Killjoy N. Dampier of the Duluth College of Belles Lettres and Penninean.

At 6 a.m. he woke, dressed, lit a Marlboro, and went up on the roof of his house to remove a statue of the Founder which had been placed there during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 7 a.m. he lit a Marlboro and walked briskly to the campus. (The Dean had not been driving his car since it had been placed on the roof of the girls dormitory by high-spirited undergraduates.)

At 7:45 a.m. he arrived on campus, lit a Marlboro, and climbed the bell tower to remove his secretary who had been placed there during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 8 a.m. he reached his office, lit a Marlboro, and met with E. Pluribus Ewbank, editor of the student newspaper. Young Ewbank had been writing a series of editorials urging the United States to annex Canada. When the editorials had evoked no response, he had taken matters into his own hands. Accompanied by his society editor and two proofreaders, he had gone over the border and conquered Manitoba. With great patience and several Marlboro Cigarettes, the Dean persuaded young Ewbank to give Manitoba back. Young Ewbank, however, insisted on keeping Winnipeg.

At 9 a.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and met with Robert Penn Sigafos, president of the local Sigma Chi chapter, who

came to report that the Deke house had been put on top of the Sigma Chi house during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 10 a.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and went to umpire an intramural softball game on the roof of the law school where the campus baseball diamond had been placed during the night by high-spirited undergraduates.

At 12 noon the Dean had a luncheon meeting with the prexy, the bursar, and the registrar, at the bottom of the campus swimming pool where the faculty dining room had been placed during the night by high-spirited undergraduates. Marlboros were passed after luncheon, but not lighted, owing to dampness.



Dean, Policeman, Confessor, Shepherd, Seer—etc.

At 2 p.m. back in his office, the Dean lit a Marlboro and received the Canadian Minister of War who said unless young Ewbank gave back Winnipeg, the Canadian army would march against the U.S. immediately. Young Ewbank was summoned and agreed to give back Winnipeg if he could have Moose Jaw. The Canadian Minister of War at first refused, but finally consented after young Ewbank placed him on the roof of the metallurgy building.

At 3 p.m. the Dean lit a Marlboro and met with a delegation from the student council who came to present him with a set of matched luggage in honor of his fifty year's service as dean of students. The Dean promptly packed the luggage with all his clothing and fled to Utica, New York, where he is now in the aluminum siding game. © 1963 Max Shulman

The makers of Marlboro, who sponsor this column, don't claim that Marlboro is the dean of filter cigarettes—but it's sure at the head of the class. Settle back with a Marlboro and see what a lot you get to like!